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Devoted to Woman and the Home.

RICHMOND, VA., SUNDAY, MARCH 4, 1894.

SUNDAY IN THE HOME.

READING MATTER OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

The Fashion Letter—A Famous English Women—Lady Beresford's Signature—The Origin of Chaperonage.

The Hidden Song.

O'er blooming miles of hills and dales,
The wind comes from the south,
The sweetness of a thousand vales
Is borne upon his mouth.
Yet there's one flower best loved of all
His lips have kissed while straying,
"Oh Sweetheart."

"Sweetheart," "Sweetheart!"
I hear the zephyrs saying.

With many a twist and tuneful turn,
The brook runs through the world,
By shadowed moss and nodding fern,
O'er sands a gleam like gold.
In one fair dell he lingered long,
And mid his murmur singing,
"Oh Sweetheart."

"Sweetheart," "Sweetheart!"
I hear the brooklet singing.

Let breeze and brook, the silvery twain,
Love's loyal heralds be;
And may their murmuring refrain
Incline thine heart to me.
By day and night, through joy and pain,
I see thy blue eyes beaming,
"Oh Sweetheart."

"Sweetheart," "Sweetheart!"
Of thee my heart is dreaming.
—Samuel Minturn Peck.

A FAMOUS ENGLISH WOMAN.

Lady Burton, Her Life, Her Work, and the Help She Gave Her Husband.

Perhaps no English woman of our time has been more discussed, more written about, than the widow of Sir Richard Burton. Her antecedents, her parentage, her school-life, courtship, marriage, adventurous career, and her literary achievements have all been public property and matters of more or less notorious import. All of these facts are well-known, but something of the present work which is engrossing this most distinguished of literary women, this most perfect of wives and widows, will be interesting. Since her husband's death Lady Burton has divided her time between Mortlake and London. In the former place she has a little dwelling embowered in climbers, jasmine, roses, and ivy, hard by the Roman Catholic church and cemetery. She calls it "Our Cottage," because in their wanderings in many lands Sir Richard used often to say he wished they might find some little place where they could settle down, some home which they would entitle "Our Cottage." Such is the inscription on the gate of the house where Lady Burton now lives; but, alas! the "our" refers to a partnership which is only in part earthly. When the house was found the husband was already in the coffin; not grave, for in the beautiful little mortuary chapel, which is a replica of the desert tent he always used, there is but little of the depression of a tomb and almost more than a suggestion of long sought peace.

The cottage is overflowing with books and numberless curios which attest to Sir Richard's adventures; portraits of him in all costume and at various stages of his career are scattered all over the rooms, while upstairs are the table and the chair which he always used. In this same room Lady Burton wrote the two bulky volumes of the life of Sir Richard, which have recently been issued to the public, and which may be justly regarded as a fitting memorial of a great man. Out of the earnings made from this biography she has been able to order some exquisite frescoes from her husband's mausoleum, which, as before stated, is in the form of a tent. Angels' faces peep through the corners at the top of the building, and the walls will be adorned with four holy subjects.

At the present time Lady Burton is engaged upon several important literary ventures. She is co-editing and writing the prefaces to some of her husband's works, which are, many of them, to be issued as a memorial edition. The labor of correcting "Catullus" and the "Pentamerone" is hers, and at the same time she is turning her thoughts to a genealogy of Sir Richard and has in course of preparation a volume of his labors, a work which is certain to appeal to many readers.

Her individual genius and her autobiography are to be incorporated in two little books with a religious tendency. Her autobiography will be a truly marvelous record of woman's endurance, strength, and capability—for Lady Burton is a woman of many parts, diplomatist, authoress, voyageuse, and devout Roman Catholic. The story of her life will be a lesson to many idle members of the weaker sex, who fancy existence has

few aims which society cannot reach, few duties which wealth cannot compass. By her wish this autobiography will not be published until after her death. She is eminently pious, yet in no degree a bigot, and although she was brought up in the strictest of Catholic families, and educated in a Catholic convent, she is as utterly untrammelled by religious fetters as the most free denizen of the backwoods, and as little priestridden as a member of the Methodist persuasion.

Rosa Bonheur's Personality.

Notwithstanding Rosa Bonheur's seventy years she is lively and alert, real-

THE ORIGIN OF CHAPERONS.

The Unchaperoned Girls of To-Day—Their Manners.

The chaperonage of our girls, which has become—or rather had become—one of the articles of our social religion, originally sprang, writes Mrs. Lynn Linton, from those disturbances natural to an unorganized society, by which the weaker were ever in danger; and when, outside the safe precincts of the home, women ran innumerable perils. It was, therefore, necessary that the ladies of a household should be protected by the presence

praise, "she has no nonsense about her," has done more harm to modern maidenhood than any other false doctrine afoot. For that "no nonsense" has been a wide net which swept into its meshes more than "nerves," "plums, prunes, prisms," "shocking mamma!" and all the rest of the silly shibboleths which once held the world of girls; and, following the law of the pendulum, the beat has gone the other way, and the coarseness of modern unreserve about equals the former folly, of prudish affectation.

ROOMS FOR CHILDREN.

Some Hints for Arranging Them So as to Please the Young People.

As children grow older they take great pride and pleasure in having rooms of their own. The wise parent will leave the arrangement of these rooms largely to the tastes of their occupants, allowing them to show their own individuality in selecting and grouping the pictures.

Young people are fond of covering the walls of their chambers with the photographs of their school friends, fancy cards, German favors, banners, calendars and the like. If they do a little drawing or painting, specimens of their own handiwork are scattered about. To this miscellaneous collection the mother may at Christmas time or on a birthday add some really good pictures, which will give an artistic tone to the whole room, and will educate the taste of the young occupant in the love of true beauty.

Set before the eyes of your sons and daughters pictures of the ideal manhood and womanhood which you desire them to attain. The study of Michael Angelo's "David" is attractive to every boy, and the pure, sweet face of Bodenhausen's "Nydia" is a favorite with most young girls.

It is a mistake to give boys pictures of manly ideals alone, or to limit the range of a girl's pictures to merely feminine ideals. It is a good plan for a boy to know his mother's conception of pure girlhood, and for a girl to know her father's ideal of manliness.

If your boy is fond of animals, educate his taste to admire the works of the best animal artists, Landseer and Rosa Bonheur. Fairly good art casts after Barye may be obtained of some art dealers and make attractive ornaments for a boy's room.

If your daughter is fond of music, let her hang the portrait of her favorite composer among the treasures of her room.

By a little assistance from older and wiser friends, young people may with a few well-chosen pictures transform their rooms into veritable palaces, where some of the happiest moments of the day are passed.

Another Excitement.

By the publication of an article on London society in one of the British monthlies, Lady Charles Beresford, wife of the eminent naval commander, has again demonstrated her skill in stirring up a row. London society has never taken very kindly to Lady Charles, for several reasons, the principal one of which probably is that she has an unusually sharp tongue and is a person of unusual independence of character. The article has created a perfect storm in Mayfair. Her previous literary venture was very much in the same line. No publisher for it could be found, and it was circulated in London in the shape of a type-written pamphlet. It related, under the most transparent of pseudonyms, the incidents of the Tranby Croft baccarat scandal, and the influence which the then Lady Brooke, now Countess of Warwick, whom she designated as Lady River, had obtained over the Prince of Wales. One motive for this publication is said to have been the fact that her husband, Lord Charles, was at one time very attentive to the Countess. Even Lady Beresford's remarkable beauty and cleverness do not counter-balance these elements of unpopularity. It is related also how she got Lord Charles and another naval officer into serious trouble on the occasion of the great naval review held on the Solent, in honor of Emperor William a few years ago. On that occasion Lady Charles was a guest on board the man-of-war of which Lord Charles was the commander, and while he was in attendance on the Queen on board the royal yacht she deliberately had messages signaled to him from the masthead in full view of the entire squadron, a breach of etiquette so gross that it formed a subject of unpleasant comment in the London Times, and won for Lord Charles a reprimand both from the Admiralty and from the Queen herself.

La Mode.

Sashes are the rage!
Bows are everywhere.
Moire is more used than ever.
Brown is the color of the season.
Magenta and green are much worn.
Kilt skirts with apron front drapings are the latest things from Paris.
Hip flounces are still popular.
Shoulder flounces are going out.
Spangles and plumes are most fashionable in millinery.
Black veils are worn altogether.
Vandyke points are used conspicuously.
Silk as a lining fabric is absolute.
Shirt waists will be more severe than formerly.



ly young. The Bordenais blood runs in her veins, and Parisian wit laughs upon her lips. "The black eyes illuminating the fine, spiritual face are superb. The white hair again recalls the rebellious chevelure of Corot. It suggested, too, the wind-tossed locks of the prophet of Michael Angelo, save that the attractive physiognomy was so impressive in its sweet simplicity."

"Rosa Bonheur has no affectation. She shows us the atelier as if the canvases there were not her own. She brings us her studies by the armful, and she shows her masterpieces with a charming familiarity, all her love of solitude vanishing before the guest whom she elects to honor."

"In order to make one's self loved by wild animals," says this wonderful woman, "one must love them." The soul of an animal has for her no more secrets than for a Sousteneil or a Chevrille. She has in her glance the courageous kindness which dominates the wild beast. The small, delicate hand that handles the brush with masculine force wanders, without trembling, through the mane of a lion.

"When a big Honess died in the arms of the painter, at the foot of the staircase at By, the creature's tongue, rough as a rasp, feebly licked, and the huge claws closely held through the death agony, the kind hands of her she loved—these last caresses seeming to say, 'Do not abandon me.'—Jules Claretie."

Why Whittier Never Married.

A letter Whittier wrote in 1837, full of admiration for a young woman named Bray, who came to Haverhill to have her portrait painted, shows that he really fell in love with the painted image, and afterward made her acquaintance, with the result of deepening the feeling. But he never allowed himself to follow this or other temptations of the sort. He is said once to have observed to a relation, a young woman, that no Whittier ought to marry, for the hereditary temper was such that no wife could be happy in continual contact with it. If this was his judgment of his own nature it explains his single life.

of guards and serving-men; and the custom continued, ever slackening in the amount of care required and the strength of defense contributed, till it dwindled down to the mere chaperonage of the young, while fresh to the world's ways and innocent of the guiles of men. For by this the constant presence of the older and more accustomed helped to form the manners of the girls. Instinctive rudenesses were repressed; unconscious familiarities were reformed; good breeding was taught as one teaches the alphabet to the children; and the "fine tone" of the time—arbitrary, granted, as the fashion of the clothes or the dressing of the hair—was kept up as it had been the poor reproduction of the Vestal's sacred fire. But now our unchaperoned girls are conspicuous for their ill-breeding and for their want of courtesy—their want of all maidenly shyness or sweet reserve—their masculine aplomb and their indifference to forms. Everything once considered essentially feminine is thrown to the winds and things which were looked on as style so bad as to insure social ostracism are now of the current order of the day. Doubtless there are many, many girls among the unchaperoned who are quite capable of taking care of themselves—girls whose essential purity is so bright and shining as to be their own safeguard, but there are also many who are not of this type. And all men are not honorable gentlemen. But, setting aside the graver aspect, we come back to the more trivial, yet not wholly inconsiderable—namely, the deterioration in manners so markedly visible among the young people of the present day. The bold swagger of the girls is matched by the lounging nonchalance of the young men, and they meet on a ground of familiarity which would make their stately forbears wonder in what mean hovels these, their successors and the wearers of an honored name, had been reared. Chivalry and courtesy are both at a discount, and things which were as the very life-blood of decorum would now be held superfluous, ridiculous and "sticky." The half-fellow-well-met kind of manner which obtains between the young of the two sexes is as inimical to refinement as it is to decorum, and the endeavor to deserve that grand meed of